

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Style"

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit
That nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas
Yo nigga man fuck 'Pac that nigga West Coast
That fucker that always with them New York niggas
Seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast
Man fuck 'Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down
Rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga
Fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right
And fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

I'm in this, motherfucker
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York
And I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?
Fuck e'rybody

*[*laughing*]*

Thug style out this, motherfucker, niggas, throw ya hands in the air
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop
I want motherfuckin' police tryin' to pull niggas over on this one
We takin' this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style thug style
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G
We ain't dead yet

Hit me, I got my Hennessy find ya foes
In a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes
I'm gettin' high off Buddha cause the times be slow
I keep my mind on dough you never find me broke
And who me? A nigga livin' life like a G
In that artillery keepin' niggas off of me
I can't sleep livin' in these wicked times, peep
Niggas after me cause they see I'm stackin' G's and heat
You can holler if you want to, please!
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew be, bleed!
Enemies and my range is on, you're in the danger zone
My fuckin' game is strong, now hotline
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine
From hustlin' and bustin' them rhymes
To my niggas up in Quentin, Down on Rikers Isle
Stay rile, but a nigga gotta use his styles

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops
It's like they stuck from makin' niggas duck from Glocks
And all the time, my mind's full of thoughts of ends
I'm still rollin' my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie
Cause in the dark see they hearts full of homicide
My mama cried when they took me off to jail
Only me inside the cell, straight locked up in this hell
I hear some sucker screamin' like the demon's inside
Will 'em away in the mornin', only the strong survive
I cry, but in my own way swallow my pride
Pick a reason to hide from all the niggas that die
Cemetery full of brothers I buried it's goin' down
Even now I wonder will I still be around
My hometown is the gutter I was born a wild
I came up out this dust with my heartless style

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I remember Uptown, run catch a kiss
Listenin' to Mr. Magic
Cuttin' up the hits And even though I had a habit
Makin' words rhyme I was caught up in the madness
Juvenile thugs come on
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs
And Pete and Lee young G's with a gift of gab
Tryna hook up with the hookers who was quick to stab Remember mama's cookin', no school straight hookin'
And tryin' to get with light skinned cause she good lookin'
And jumpin' over turnstiles cause we ain't payin'
Call the cuties cuss words but we only playin'
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck
I had to move around a lot cause my moms was stuck
I had family but I was way too wild
Had to move to the West to regain my style

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (my nigga scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the mothafuckin' cross, but my force was wild
Mothafuckin' bitches

Swear y'all know nigga
Ever heard motherfucka say all in Kool-Aid know the flavor hahha
You mothafuckas all about my motherfuckin' hell being though [?]
This shit thuggish, fo' life, I told y'all, it's album three see
G sound, freestyle
Motherfuckin' Young Thugs in this motherfucker

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